

# Lobster vs. Shrimp

ARE MENTAL TOOTHPICKS

## A Slow Train Through Saskatchewan

IS AMUSING

BY THE ORIGINAL

BILLY JINKS, B.E., K.L.E.

AND OTHER DIGNITARIES

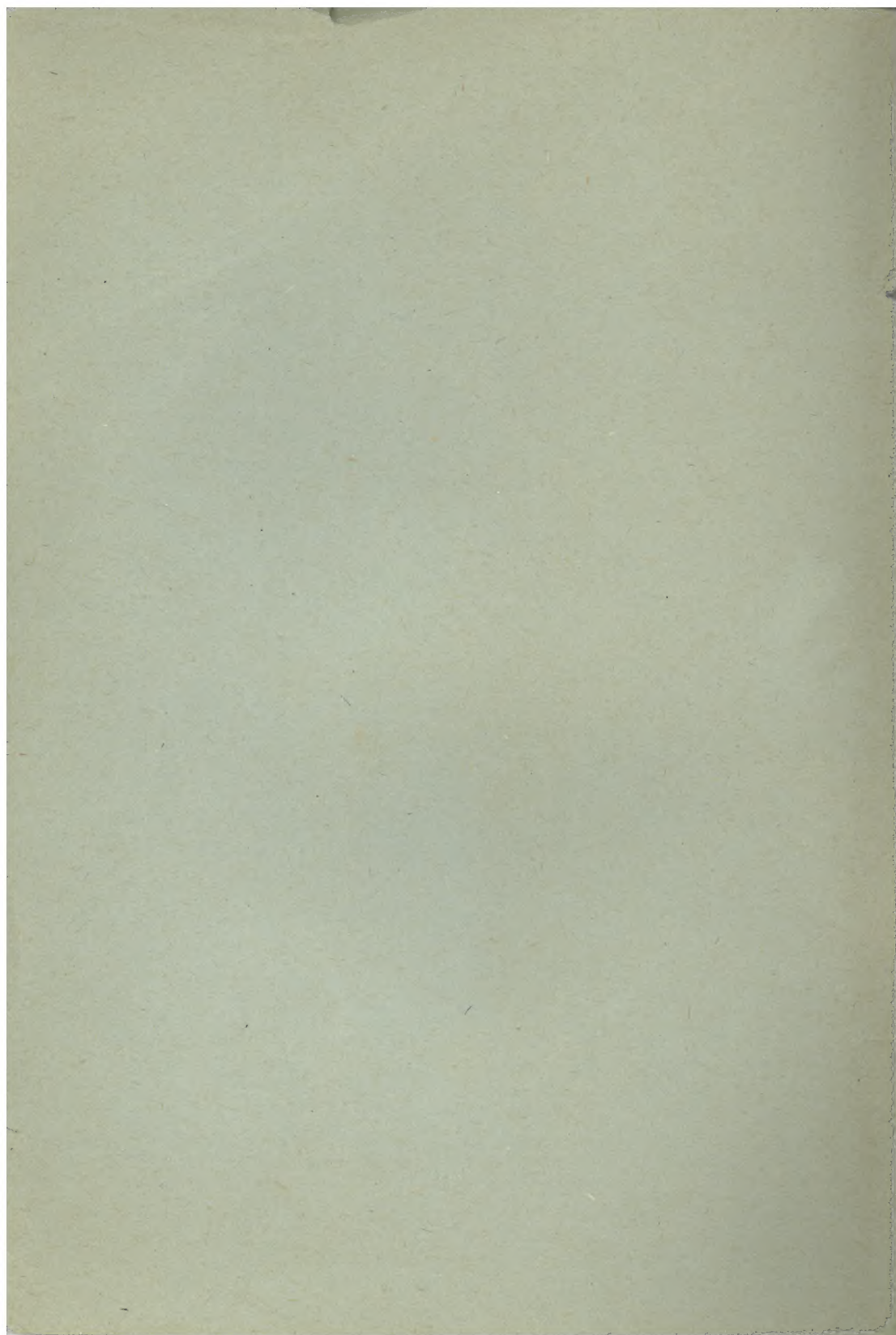


Much humor and a little philosophy is good  
medicine.

A smile is more effective than a collection of  
ostrich feathers.

VOL. I.

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OR  
A SLOW TRAIN THROUGH  
SASKATCHEWAN

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VOLUME I.

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**By W. A. KLEIN**

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**Set up and printed, January, 1911**

**To**

The hills, the Ozarks, the prairies,  
the nature world, and the school mistress—my  
best friend—I dedicate all my energies,  
including this abridged narrative





## PROCLAMATION

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If you have not made a fool and an ass of yourself occasionally, you are not in my class, but get behind me, you cowardly sneak-thief and hypocrite; you are of little use to this planetary world, you should be drifting in a higher plane of celestial space among the skies and stars; you should make peace with the angels and serve celestial beings on high. The chances are you have never succeeded in making peace with your neighbors and serving humanity here below.

Stupidity may have preserved some men from going mad, but more often this aptitude acquitted the same species from merely being dubbed with that complimentary dignity. Thus if you have often, like myself, been designated as a crank, a fool, or even as being a fit subject for the lunatic asylum, perhaps you are not so stupid, as some people who think they are wise beyond comparison, think you are.

Stupidity has often saved some people from actually becoming commonplace, and there are many such to be pitied fools, who are actually flattered and elated by their spectacular stupidity and uncompromising popularity. Now, I have never been otherwise than commonplace, which position has never as yet been exceeded by public favor. Speaking of wisdom, it may often be wise to be like the man from Missouri, who had the common horse sense and silent owl wisdom, to forget about it occasionally.

To realize one's stupidity is a rare novelty, to acknowledge it is a joke, to endeavor to hide it is folly, but to turn it into wisdom and to good account makes it eighteen carat gold. I have realized my stupidity, I have acknowledged it, and have



not tried to hide it. I am trying to turn it to some account. I started out by convincing myself that I am a lobster of the lobstarian tribe, but I have also with a tinge of idiocy succeeded in convincing myself that I am not the biggest one in the bunch, that there are others that I count as one, and as one only, that I will insist on being reckoned with. I will pinch with my pinchers for that is what they were made for ; I stand guard over my hole, as any good respectable lobster should, I will be fierce in attack, reserved in deliberation, determined, gentle and lovable in courtship, and consistent in domestic relationship, realizing my social obligations, by economic responsibility, and my proper functions as a being of creation. I may be wrong in these subtle assertions, but really I believe and without flattery that I am wise to that extent. If I eternally keep at it, I may eventually succeed in becoming a sage and a philosopher without my knowing it, or without my friends suspecting it.

Now, fellow lobster, a little advice to you, sir, if you please, sir. If you ever insist on popularising your wisdom or cleverness, which may only be a weak-minded lobstarian delusion, you may only succeed in advertising your stupidity and ignorance and get yourself into humiliating and awkward positions, but if you do otherwise, you may be wise, and often promulgate a pleasant surprise, stay with me to the end, you may become interested if not convinced.

Yours ever most respectfully,

LOBSTERINE.



# LOBSTER vs. SHRIMP

OR

## A SLOW TRAIN THROUGH SASKATCHEWAN

### A SCENE IN ARKANSAS.

It was one morning early in the month of June, 1907. Nell and I were quietly talking together on the platform of the little station situated on the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad in Arkansas, where through passenger trains stopped only by order. Si, my pard was talking at one end of the platform with several boys and girls of the neighborhood, including my two sisters. They were chatting gaily together; but Si kept his eye and attention riveted rather attentively in the direction of my sister Sou, who seemed not averse to the distinction. A travelling man was walking up and down the platform waiting for the train. Nell and I were still standing together but apart from the rest. We had been talking together in quiet tones, but now were silent, only thinking.

Of a sudden just beyond the curve of the steel highway a clod of condensed steam and smoke loomed up over the pine forest, as if shot out of the crater of some distant volcano. Almost at the same moment a big black monster plunged through the open gap of the forest caused by the railway, and headed toward the little station, as if to devour it. I called aloud: "There she comes." There was a moment of hurried confusion, wishing us a lovely journey, etc. The travelling man, as if by habit, had walked to a certain point near the edge of the platform, then stopped. The rest of the little company, as if by instinct, had followed him. The locomotive whistle blew a fierce shriek, as if the monster was in a rage for being held in check. The brakes were grinding hard. The train pulled up alongside and came to a dead stop with a little quiver.

#### THE TRIP.

All aboard, and immediately we stepped into one of the coaches of the solid vestibule train of the St. Louis Limited. Hardly had the brakes ceased their grind, when they again fell from their grip. As the engineer manipulated the throttle, the big twelve driver strained at the draw-bars; like monster magnets they gripped the steel rails. The engine forged ahead, dragging the heavy train with it. We were three minutes behind time. When the engineer had set the throttle to the last notch, and the train had gathered its momentum, we were annihilating space and distance at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour, taking switches, orders, signals and water on the fly. We surged through bridges like a thunderbolt, past towns in the twinkling of an eye. We were a blur to the vision, a flying projectile at the front that left a

blue streak at the rear. Our speed was like a sky-rocket, passing from the zenith of the sky to the northern horizon. Si and I were bound for the Kanadian Northwest, the land of Opportunities, where quarter sections of land of wonderful productiveness could be had for a song. Where the climate was extremely healthful, where peace, law and order were the order of the day, and not the exception: where people were living in wonderful Christian fellowship, and all the rest that Si and I had read in the innumerable pamphlets and booklets sent out by the Gerina Board of Trade. At St. Louis, Missouri, we met two men, who told us that they were straight from North West Kanady. I asked them how they liked the country. They said: "She is no good." "Business is dead." Says I: "May I ask what might be your business?" One of the gents says: "I am a doctor, and my friend here is is agent for a coffin factory."

#### SI AND I ARRIVE IN THE NORTH WEST.

(I got a traveller on the train to write the foregoing. But now I will have to write by myself. As my school days were abbreviated I may have to abbreviate my spelling and punctual marks - considerable. Some of the poetry I will send to the school mistress for correction.)

I arrived in Gerina early on Saturday morning. Si had klonkluded to stop at Savage Head, some miles east of Gerina, to look over the country. I strolled up and down the depot platform, for a little while meeting all sorts of people. I was surprised to learn that most of them kould not speak or understand the English language. I had been told that Kanady was an English Kolony. It was the first time in my life that I had seen

kolonists. I thought they looked very much like other people, but still they were kolonists, and I wondered whether they ever sang, "My Kountry, 'Tis of Thee," or whether it was, "Great Jehovah. Save us from the Powers that be." I was very much surprised to see a sign which read "Union Bank," so I went over and deposited my money, all but a little change, for safety, for I thought the "Union" Bank surely was safe. I asked a policeman to direct me to a hotel. He directed me to a combination of a booze shop, with rooms on the side. The place did not suit me, and the price did not suit the contents of my pocket-book, so I hunted up a restaurant, went in, sat down and ordered a duck. When I came out the lady cashier presented me with a bill. Says I: "That's rather a big bill for so small a duck."

I saw a fellow coming down the street wearing a red suit. He was walking with such a haughty bearing, and had such a brassy appearance that I surmised he was the Prince of Wales. I wished to pay him my respect, so I tipped my hat.

I went to a fruit store to buy some strawberries. They were as dry as straw and \$5.50 a gallon.

Some of the streets were so wide that a strip of grass grew in the middle. On either end of this street there was put up a sign which read: "KEEP TO THE RIGHT." Of the grass I presume. Yet I thought perhaps they might have been put there by some well-meaning God-fearing man, who would direct all humanity to keep to the right. I have been trying to find that man ever since. I now have reason to believe that the people of Kanaday have no more religion to spare than the Northern Yanks. I have yet to find the man who has not more of his kristianity tucked away in his hip pocket



than in his heart. Few men worry about the salvation of their soul half as much as they do of the tax collector. Excepting the P.C.R. who never worry about paying taxes; they always manage to dodge the assessor somehow. I went over to where some workmen were building a house. I notice that they use a lot of paper in building houses. I told a workman that they did not use any paper in building houses in Arkansaw. He said in the Old Kountry he used to be a carpenter, but in this country he was a paper hanger. They don't do things in the Old Kountry like they do things here. This kountry is five hundred years behind the times. You ought to see how grand the gentlemen, the dukes and the kounts over there live, and they don't work." Says I: "They call people that don't work no kounts, tramps and hoboos down in Dixie." He asked: "Are you a bloke from the States?" Says I: "Yes, from Arkansaw," and asked: "How do you like this country?" He says: "Like it? it isn't fit for a white man to live in. All this kountry is fit for is bloomin' foreigners and Ind-ians." Says I: "Perhaps it's jest your imagination." Says he: "Imagination be blowed. I'm not a bloomin' owler. He butchered up the English language with such artistic slashes that I hardly knew what he was trying to say.

I was beginning to feel deesprately hungry again. That duck, or the bill, or the Saskatchewan air was giving me a tremendous appetite. Somehow I had such a deep hungry feeling all over me as though I hadn't eaten a meal for a week. I felt as though I wanted to go and hide somewhere and eat my fill. I was ashamed of myself. The air felt as krisp and dry as store crackers and every breath I took I felt ten times hungrier. So I

hunted up a baker shop on Star street. I was going to buy some store crackers. As I entered, the young lady in charge smiled sweetly and said ever so sweetly, "How do you do?" Is there anything I can do for you " I says: "Anything will do, but I prefer crackers." She did not seem to understand, and said: "How will those do?" pointing to some cakes. I says: "I'll take those if you will please do them up." Says she, laughing: "Those are puns." Says I: "I'm sure you are not a western girl." Says she: "No, indeed I jest came from Eastern Untarlo three days ago. May I ask where you are from." Says I: "Yours truly hails from the United States of America." Says she: "Oh, you are an American. I have some American friends in Buffalo. They are very nice people." Says I: "You flatter me. But I am sure such a nice young lady as yourself would have no other friends but nice friends." She smiled and says "I think it is you who is trying to flatter," then blushing asked: "Are you a bachelor?" Horror of the seven purgatories. I almost bolted, but kontrollered myself and says: "Not yet! I am only twenty-five years old, if you would call that a bachelor." She says: "Hardly. But there are so many young men and old ones out here that call themselves bachelors. But I have my doubts whether some of them are. If the truth were known—" she stopped short, so it was up to me and I says: "Yes this country is surely old maids' paradise all right." She gave me an antiparadise glance, so I said: "Of kourse I didn't mean yourself. But really I believe these northwest bachelors would make good husbands. It is remarkable what some of them can do. I have been told that a great many bachelors are engaged at light house-keeping." I don't suppose they have manny klawfoot

chairs, magonny tables and sideboards to polish up, nor beveled merrors o brussels karpet. nor I don't suppose their dining table is at all times spread with emasculate linnen. set with silverware and loaded down with baste roast angles kake. fancy salads etc. Says she: Oh, some of these bachelors make me tired."

Just then another customer came in. I took a last glancing glance and started out. For want of a better name we will call our new acquaintance Sunny Sall for the present.

I went over to where the Parliament was in progress of konstruction, a fellow told me that six months ago the very ground I stood on was a blooming prairie, inhabited by gophers. I asked him what a gopher was.

Whether it was another name for Buffalo. He said a gopher is a small animal that works in the dark, steals from the farmer and has pockets on the side like the politicians. I said: "What a wonderful, progressive kountry this is. Just think! Six months ago, this was a prairie inhabited by gophers, and today it is the most renowned place in Saskatchewan. "Gee. wiz!" He asked: "What parts are you from?" Says I: "That seems to be a general question in this kountry. I lived in Arkansas twenty-five years, and was never asked that before." He asked "Are you batching it " I says: "I have hardly had time to batch it yet, but I guess in this country I'm a bachelor all right," and asked who all those brass bound, stiff necked, kopper jointed, starched up red coats were, who strut about with their brass gilded, cock of the north appearance, as if they seemed to think they were the lords of creation by virtue of government land grants.. The fellow says: "Those are the Royal Pouted Police. Regina is their headquarters. They

were once the finest body of men in America. But now their chief function is to draw their pay and dust their clothes, a landmark of an ancient civilization. I jumped on a farm wagon as a farmer was driving by. He asked: "Where are you from?" Says I, "From Arkansas." and asked, "Where are you from?" Says he: "I'm from Rale-o-le-o" and then drove on to town as though he was bound for the kapital of Nova Scotia. I went up to a fellow and asked him whether he kould direct me to a good store. Says he: "No, I am a stranger." I asked a dozen other people the same question. They all said they were strangers. It struck me that this was a land of strangers, bachelors and gophers. I asked an elderly gentleman whether he was a stranger too. Says he: "No, I am an old timer." Says I: "From all appearances." I did not think he was a spring cockerel any more, nor did I suppose that he had always been an old rooster." Says he: "Do you wish to insult me?" "No, old timer," says I. "but as I am a stranger, and as I suppose he is a stranger also, and as I belong to the V. A. O. O. O. F.'s, VERY ANCIENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS; and as he belongs to the O. T.'s, or something of that sort, whether he belongs to the Very Ancient Old Timers of the thirty-second degree, I was willing to respect any old timer at all, irrespective of circumstances."

Says he: "You're pretty fresh, where are you from?" I said: "Yes, I might be a fresh timer or a new timer. I just blew in this morning. I've hardly got myself properly timed yet, but I'm from 'Dixie' from the old State of Arkansaw, some say Arkansaw, some say Arkansas and some say Rakkinsask. but it doesn't make much difference, it's all the same place and wer'e all nicknamed

Yanks, but I'm a moss-back Yank.' The old timer looked at me as though I were a genuine Hooshier.

He said the old timers made this kountry. Says I: "Some say the P.C.R. made this kountry. The P.C.R. is a grand highway of kommerce." Says he: "The P.C.R. is a grand highway robbery." Says I: "Why don't you get the police after them? Judging from their numbers this must be either a very good kountry or a very bad kountry." Says the old timer: "I am tempted to believe they are all in the big mit business. A few days ago they arrested an old lady for picking up a lump of koal from the yards on week day, but the P.C.R. kan take koal anywhere on Sunday."

I was beginning to feel hungry again, so I went into the side door of a hotel which led into the dining-room and sat myself up to a table. The dining rom was rather dark but the meals were very light. Some one remarked that the kream was kondensed, but I suspected it was much diluted. The coffee was so weak they had to carry it in, and the steak was so strong they had to carry it out. The pickles were sweet and the syrup was sour. On one side of me sat a midget and on the other side sat a giant, and on the opposite side sat a Dutchman. I asked the giant how long he had been in this kountry. Says he: "Eight feet ten inches." When the midget was going to pay his bill the proprietor said he was short. The Dutchman kould not make himself understood, nor kould he stand on his feet, for he seemed to have the hotel staggers. I asked the paorter whether I kould have a bath. Says he: "I can give you an internal or a alcohol bath, which ever I choose." Says I "I want s pure liquid bath." Says he: "We haven't

got any on the place but we've got some diluted liquor on tap." "You're under a delusion."

There were seven men of different nationalities standing at the bar, an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Jew, a Canadian, a Dutchman and a man from Kentucky. The Dutchman said he would take lager. The Englishman said he would take Jamaica gin. The Scotchman said he would take old rye. The Jew said if it didn't make any difference he would take the money. The Canadian said he would take anything. The Kentuckian said he would take a Lillian Russell cigar, for they were good smokers, had a nice shape and a fancy wrapper. The bar man said you can't always tell the quality of a girl or a cigar by their wrapper or their shape.

As I walked down the street I observed a hot-bath sign over a door. I went in and was directed to a small room, which was so small that it wouldn't hold anybody long. The bath tub was so short I wondered how those tall northwest giants could ever get in, unless they washed one end at a time. Surely it must have been a long job. As I am five feet six inches I bathed one foot at a time, leaving the six inches until the last. The water was so hard I stubbed my toe and hurt my fingernails. I softened it up with a bar of Tommy Young Soap, until it felt as soft and milky as the product of a well-fed Jersey cow. I felt so hungry and famished I could hardly resist drinking the soft milky-like water. There was no towel in the room, but upon a rusty nail there hung a canvas picture, the Niagara Falls by moonlight. I took the picture from the nail and dried myself with the Niagara Falls. I got the moon in my ears, some glazed rock between my toes, some trees in my whiskers, and

my eyes seemed misty. After I had finished I hung the Niagara Falls up to dry.

As I walked down the street I met a young fellow of about eighteen or twenty years of age, who had an enamelled maple leaf and a Gerina booster button pinned on his koat. kollar. I asked him whether he was an old timer too. He says: "Do I look like an old timer?" I says: "That depends." He says: "I am a homesteader. It's the homesteaders that are making this country." I asked him what the business of a homesteader was. Says he: "To sleep on a homestead for three years." I says: "I didn't think they put a premium on sleep in Kanady, that's a biggar graft than working for the United States Government. You ought to get a patent on your work." He asked: "Are you from the other side?" Says I: "From what other side?" Says he: "From the other side of the line." Says I: "What a line? [The Mason and Dixon line?" Says he: "No the international boundry line." Says I: "I didn't know there was an international boundry line." Says he: "You're a Yank all right. I kan see that." Says I: "No I'm a Southerner from Arkansaw." Says he: "All the Yanks look alike to me." Says I: "It don't make much difference so long as you don't cal me a blue-bellied Yank, but the original Yanks kome from Connecticut where they once made wooden nutmegs and basswood hams and sold them to the English and the Dutch." He laughed and said: "That's a good one on the Kockney. I must tell that joke to a friend of mine in Kalgary." Says I: "That's carrying a joke too far," and asked what a kockney was. Says he: "You green-eyed lobster, don't you know that" Says I: "For all I know it may be a jack-rabbit, a boot jack or a jack-screw." Says he:

"A kockney is a screw who thinks he is a 'big nut' from the little town of London superior to all the rest of the world, who can blow off hot gas with as much bluster as the Yanks blow off hot air for hours at a time, without any apparent waste of energy."

I says, to change the subject: "au've got a dandy lot of pounted police in this country." Says he: "Yes, they are dandies, all right. they remind you of a rainbow or a dog-catcher, because they always show up after a storm, and invariably catch the wrong dog." "Well," says I, "I'm from Arkansaw, a state which you will find between Missouri and Texas. They will have to both show me and steer me." He says: "That would be easy. Any old time the Kanucks kan't show the Yanks, you'll know it." I asked who the Kanucks were, and said that I had heard of them quite frequently since koming to this kountry. He says: "The word Kanuck is a short word for Kanadian." I says: "I thought it meant kant-hook." The Kanuck asked: "How do the nigrows of the South katch an opossum?" I says: "They climb up a tree and make a noise like a squirrel." and asked how the police in this kountry katch a man. Says the Kanuck: "They run into the nearest hotel and make a noise like a skirt." I asked: "Where did you get all those medals?" The Kanuck laughed and said: "Those are medals I received during the South African war. While I was in South Africa I killed five hundred men." Says I: "You know how to blow off hot air about as explosively as a B. B. Yank does. If you killed five hundred men you must have been the kook." He says: "Yes part of the time." Say I: "If Lord Roberts would have had a few more kooks like you he would have licked the Boers before noon, and under the same circumstances."



Uncle Sam would not have had to feed his soldiers on kanned korned horse." The Kanuck says: "You're a lobster." Says I: "If I'm a lobster, you must be a shrimp; it's lobster versus shrimp."

I met another young fellow, and asked whether he was a Kanuck also. He says: "Yes, sir, right from the heel, and nothing else."

I read a sign on the outside which said: "General Supply Komnay, Limited." I thought their supply was limited, so I didn't go in. I walked back until I saw a sign which read, "Glasgow House." I thought it was an English branch house. I had heard so much of English and Scotch fair play, so I thought I'd go in and get fair play. I asked for a warm coat and he sold me a sheepskin. I spent \$15.00 and put on the coat. I didn't see anything else that I had bought, but I told him to wrap it up anyway. I had never spent so much money in a store before.

I went down the street with just twenty-five cents change left in my pocket. I was thinking whether to get a shave or a sandwich. Immediately I was surrounded by a dozen real estate agents. They all wanted to sell me the best land in Saskatchewan, all near a railroad station. One wanted to sell me a townsite. Another wanted to sell me the best snap in the Northwest, with a coal mine, four elevators, a railroad and a townsite right on the place but I suspected they all wanted my money, but they said: "No, they didn't, but they liked the looks of me, and they wanted to see a new-comer prosper, for the kountry was prospering and developing." I said: Judging from the number of fat women I see on the street I should think the kountry is developing. They must all be old timers, but how about

all those tall slender women? They must be new timers." They said: "There's where you are wrong. The tall slender ones are the old timers, and the stout ones are nearly all the newcomers or foreigners." They presumed because the climate is so healthy and the air so dry and crisp, this is a sandpaper climate. When I got rid of these real estate men I began to think they were the land sharks I had heard so much about. I could easily realize then what became of all those numberless sea sharks that once inhabited the great inland sea (which geology teaches us) once covered these vast Kanadlan prairies, why they gradually evolved themselves into land sharks, and live and thrive on numberless suckers and minnows that are constantly drifting this way.

I walked into a barber shop. All the mugs were busy shaving other mugs. I asked: "How is business?" Says a mug: "Busine is rather dull, we are just scraping along. You're next. Sit down in this chair." One of the mugs asked another mug: "Where do the fur bearing animals go in the winter time?" "Around the women, of kourse." "Where do the birds go in the spring?" "On the women's hats." "Where do the men go?" "After the birds."

"A girl doesn't care which way the wind blows when she has on her silk stockings." "I guess that's the reason the girls in this country always buy silk stockings, so they have something to show for their money." "Why is a young lady of the Northwest like a ship coming into harbor?" "Because she is always trying to dodge the buoys." "Why is she like the hub of a wagon wheel?" "Because she is surrounded by fellows."

"In a little while there won't be any more girls left

in the Northwest." "How is that?" "Some of them go to B. C. and others get B. C. (busy), and get married."

Here I asked the mug who was shaving me what Gerina is noted for. He said: "Gerina is noted for bricks. They have red brick, white brick, pressed brick, kut brick, long brick, short brick, sement brick, lime brick, sand brick, klay brick, soft brick, hard brick, political brick, brick in the newspapers, gold brick, and they take every newkommer for a brick, and in the end man's chief end is brick, for the morgue of Gerina is built of red brick." I said: "At that rate I'm two bricks. In the first place, I'm a newkommer, and in the second place, if you keep on much longer it will be the end of me, and I don't want to go to the morgue just yet." He asked "What will you have on your face?" I says: "Don't take me for a gold brick, but if you keep on skraping I won't have no face." He says: "Then you'll be a half brick." I says: "Yes, I'm broke."

I went to the Union Bank where I had deposited my money, and got \$20.00. I walked down the street and saw a sign which read "Special Sale. Everything Special at Special Prices." I spent all my money but five cents. It was two o'clock Saturday afternoon. I went directly over to the Union Bank to get more money, but the doors were locked. I thought the bank had failed and I had lost my deposit. I went up to a fellow and asked him whether he knew the Union Bank was busted. He said, "You're busted." I says: "I know I'm busted al but five cents." He says: "You had better buy up the bank then and deposit the remainder in the Bank of Montreal." I asked whether he was sure the Bank of Montreal was safe. I bought a paper from a newsboy, for I wanted to read the ackount of how the Union Bank

went up, but the paper gave an account of the bank's financial statement, so I thought the bank had been closed while the clerks were taking stock. I asked a policeman where I might get an advance on my bank book. He says: "There are no banks open in Canada on Saturday excepting Banks's Livery Stable of Chambers." I said: "I couldn't eat hay, even though I was Chambers, although I might save room money." He told me that perhaps I could get an advance at a hotel. I went to the Handsdown and found prices away up. I went to another house and told the porter my trouble. He asked me: "Do I look like an Irishman that just came from Cork?" Says I: "The way I hear corks popping I should think I have just arrived there." Says he: "You had better tell your troubles to the bar-keeper." I said: "I think I'll fly my kite, even if I have to sleep in a corn shock. I'm a rank prohibitionist, and don't like a bar-room door entering right into a dining room. And don't like sleeping in a room with only thin lath and plaster between myself and hades. I'm naturally near enough to it already without bringing about the proximity artificially." The bar man said: "We are not catering for the likes of you." I did not know the exact meaning of catering, but I thought perhaps it meant, "Go to the devil." So I thought I would go over to the depot and sit down a while and read my paper, or perhaps if I could sell my umbrella I would take a trip to Outlook, for I thought it well to be on the lookout for an outlook.

When I got to the depot I found the train four hours late, it was just getting dark. I saw a headlight approaching in the distance. I thought how vast, how grand this Dominion of Kanada must be. Just think, from Hallthefox to Vankover. It is a wonder the head-

lights on the engines don't get lost among the mountains and on the big prairies. I went into the depot, sat down and read my paper. A fellow came up to me. He was eying my umbrella and asked me whether it was mine. I told him that I had bought it at the special sale just akross the streeet. He said: "He had bought one there too, but it was swiped." and said "it wasn't safe to leave an umbrella round." I asked him why they didn't make them square. He said: "You've got a square head." I told him I was hard up for cash till Monday morning. I was sorry my umbrella wasn't square, but it had a square head. I would sell it to him on the square for \$2.00. He said that would be a square deal, and paid me in Kanadian money, the first I had ever seen. I was a little suspicious at the first and thought, perhaps, it wasn't on the square, but, under the circumstances, I thought it best not leave it round, so I tucked it into my vest pocket and began to read my paper. It was quite newsy, and read thus:

The old timers are going to give an old time social at the Town Hall. They expect to have a good hot old time. Long live the old-timers.

There was a young lady in the east  
Who thought she would get left in the yeast  
So she came out West  
Dressed up in her best.  
And got married in three weeks, at least.

The Salvation Army has decided to bring over from the Old World five shiploads of English and Scotch kountry girls for the purpose of supplying the matrimonial market of the Northwest. Within the kourse of a

few years, there should be a grand increase of native born **Kanadians**.

It is reported that a lot of Yanks are coming over to this side of the line this Spring with their whiskers full of hay seed and their hats full of money. We've got the wheat land and the Yanks know how to raise the dough.

The Stork should, undoubtedly, be Kanada's national emblem. The eagle may scream but the Stork delivers the goods.

The faculty of the University of Saskatchaswan has decided to organize a Brains Department for the purpose of developing brains. Saskatchaswan leads the world in brains. The bump of intelligence is large in Kanada. In the land of Cannan the Israelites made a calf and worshipped it. In Kanada the people let their kalves run out on the prairie.

In the Fall of the year farmers come to town with a load of new wheat, but go home with a load of old Rye.

Kanada is the greatest nation on earth, excepting Carrie Nation, of kourse.

If a man kan't live in Texas he might come to Saskatchaswan.

They say Kanada is the lady of the Snows and the Niagara Falls is the Maid of the Mists. When are the two sisters going to get married? Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull are still bachelors.

The Lord made Adam from a klod of earth, but it took half a kontinent to make the Lady of the Snows. If it wasn't for the Lady of the Snows Uncle Sam would be lonesome.

The ladies of the Northwest are ahead of the styles. They have a Medicine Hat.

The girls of the Northwest dress out of sight. Of course that's the proper place to dress.

It often happens that the guests as well as the hotels of the Northwest are full.

The air of the Northwest is as dry as a kerchief at a millionaire's funeral.

Professor Wideawake, of the University of Saskatchewan, is writing a book on the North Pole. We think that rather a funny place to write a book on. It is a wonder the ink don't freeze.

On page five I read an article boasting Gerina and I will copy it. "Come and live with us in the grand and aristocratic city of Gerina, the Capital City of Saskatchewan, and literary centre of the Northwest, the city of sunshine and blue sky, where the sun shines thirteen months in the year and the sky is as blue as a disappointed lover. Gerina occupies a commanding position on the shores of the Bascana Lake. Its fruit industry is still in its infancy. There is much need of an assortment of tomato canneries. Its mushroom industry could be carried on with a high standard of success. Gerina has a smokeless and consumeless incinerator plant, and an underground sewer system of grand dimensions and construction that its internal beauty must be seen to be appreciated. Gerina drains a large intellectual water-shed, but cannot, of itself, be drained. We send a special invitation to all progressive farmers. The surrounding country is a marvel of fertility. Tickle the soil with a spring-tooth harrow and she laughs with a harvest. The breadfruit tree grows abundantly all over the Province of Saskatche-

wan. Its principal fruit is well known in Europe and America as macaroni. The tributary fruit of the bread-fruit or maroni trees are hot rolls, muffins, frosted cake, doughnuts, jelly tarts and ginger snaps. The buttered muffin variety of the bread-fruit is supposed to be a high bred with a cocoanut palm. The cream of the high bred variety is a rich sweet product much used for frostings and high-grade chocolate. The climate of Saskatchewan is exceedingly healthful. The air is dry, crisp and electrified, in fact it is so healthful that it is hard to die. Doctors have an easy time and vie with the many nurses for jobs. Undertakers and gravediggers starve to death. Men and women walk about a living skeleton and often are obliged to emigrate to some other country to get eternal rest. The climate is exceedingly favorable for the development of children, youths, young girls and ladies. We are satisfied that no such stalwart, stiff-jointed, pumpkin-completed youths as the Northwest produces have ever before issued from the loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. Some of our amateur hockey players, football kickers, baseball pitchers, fancy skaters and curlers we have every reason to be proud of. As for the females, we will allow their grace and beauty to speak for themselves, but they are clipper built, sharp in the bow, long in the spars, well built in the stern fore and aft, slender, graceful and good to look at, fast to go and quick as a whip. Of course climatic influences have much to do with such a fine product and specimen of humanity. It is but a typical example of the law of evolution controlled by free nature.

Just then the electric lights ceased to glow and I wondered what had happened to the fluid. By the dim



light that came stealing through the arched door leading to the other room I observed in the far corner a huge man-like form stooping over another figure that I had seen only a few moments before sleeping or dozing off in a cramped position on the seat, and from whose coat vest I had observed dangling, a large beautiful gold watch-chain., I felt curious, thus to satisfy my curiosity I thought I would make a short reconnoiterance and survey the situation, but as I cautiously stepped a few paces towards the devil's own mystery I was surprised to see the huge stooping effigy turn on his heel, and come straight at me like an avalanche, and blurt out like a wild hippopotamus: "What are you doing here?" Says I: "Reading a newspaper, if you please sir." "Got a ticket?" "No sir," says I. "Got any money?" says the monster. Remembering what the old-timer had said, I looked for the big mits. But he wore smooth gloves. I says: If I had any money I'd keep it to myself in the present company at least."

He roared: "Konsider yourself under arrest." Says I: "I have been resting here this long while." He said: "Kome along with me you dog. I'll put you where you belong. You ought to be sent to Brantown. But I'll give you a free night's lodging." Just as we were passing through the door the klub-footed policeman reached up and turned a button with a klick. Immediately the room was filled with a flood of light. I took one last look at the sleeping and cramped figure, but I saw no watch-chain. I thought the policeman was going to introduce me to the Mayor, for he took me toward the town hall. But instead of taking me to the Mayor's office he took me to the bug house in the cellar. It seemed that the vermin of the blankets

needed a hot lunch, they sure got a good Sunday dinner out of me, for they did justice to their breed.

While the preacher was preaching holiness I was being made holey by the carnivaro. I wondered any prayer went up in my behalf: "Give us this day our daily bread." While thus meditating I picked up a scrap of paper upon which was written:

"One O'clock p.m.

"Oh Lord police, our hunger pinches sore and steep,  
Won't thou stand us instead for keeps,  
And send us from the street of thy own beat,  
A poor drunken dupe whom we may bite and eat?"

"Ten O'clock a.m.

"Oh, Lord police, as we have feasted done, and well,  
Which we so little merit, give us a resting spell,  
Take away the dupe, be sure and swear a lie,  
'Twill be more mony in thy pocket and a dozen scores  
of pie."

"

On Monday morning I was led like a kriminal of the first magnitude to The Bar of Justice. There was standing before the magistrate, a very rich man who was pulled up by the Sanitary Inspector for allowing a public nuisance to accumulate upon his premises which was against the statutes of Ple law number 19898, and thereby kausing an obnoxious stench and endangering the lives of the surrounding kcommunity, an epidemic of typhoid fever having broken out in the vicinity and

a number of the persons having died, despite repeated orders and warnings of the inspector. The very rich man paid no attention but indifferently allowed the putrifying guts and offal of slaughtered cattle and swine to accumulate month after month. This was the testimony of the inspector. At length the magistrate coughed and wheezed and laboriously said: "Mr. Rovelstoke, I am very sorry that this has occurred." (Just as though he was sorry that the sanitary inspector had pulled him up.) "I will give you fourteen weeks to clean up the premises, but if you neglect doing so I will be obliged to impose a nominal fine on you."

I thought that was dead easy, inasmuch as the nuisance was dead. I knew I had not created even a dead nuisance or endangered any persons' lives, so I felt easy in my conscience. The magistrate then coughed, threw out his chest, looked at me and asked my name. After answering, I remembered in a vague way, that he read something about "vagrancy," "trespassing," etc., and asked whether I pleaded "guilty" or "Not guilty?" As I did not know the exact meaning of those technical terms, I thought perhaps vagrancy meant to be bugs. I thought of the blankets and the carnivaro, and imagined that I felt them creeping. I thought, perhaps, trespassing meant reading a newspaper without a license, for I knew the Canadians were a high-minded people, who do not regard intelligence cheaply and have a high tariff on books and literature. I thought "Guilty" meant perhaps a gold-headed cane, a gilt-edged collar button, or something of that sort, so I says, I might be vagrancy. I was undoubtedly trespassing, but I did not think I was Guilty. The chief police said I was crazy, and was undoubtedly the leader of robberies committed during the past. The

magistrate said: "\$12.00 and costs or sixty days in jail." I wrote out a \$16.00 cheque to kover fine and kosta, but when I asked for my umbrella money I was told that it had been paid out for meals. I thought in quite a queer coincidence that my umbrella money should amount to just enough to kover my appetite konsidering that the umbrella had been big enough to kover appetite and all. Thus my little experience kost me \$18.00 plus 50 cents for a washup while it didn't kost the other man one cent.

Ever since then I have had it in my wicked heart, a desire to get even with the man of police for saying I was a robber leader. A pointed lead pencil is mightier than the police. I am going to puncture him. Perhaps it will jog his memory a bit. In the first place, in the years 1907 and 1908 the Gerina police force was a very intelligent and exemplary crowd. They karried no wooden klubs, but some of them had klub feet.

"As they walked along thei beat,

It seemed as though they had glue upon their feet.

When it came to making a running leap,

They proved to be nothing but a great big cheat.

When they searched a man they were always on the keep.

Then some of them got it in the neap,

And now they are nothing but a great big dead beat."

They say the force was so slow they kouldn't katch the "ladies." Some of them took it in the head to make money and some got the pocketbook fever. The alderman were of the opinion that the epidemic might be contagious and had the suspected ones vaccinated. Well, they haven't kauft anybody since.

After passing through this ordeal I felt so abnormally hungry. I thought perhaps I was afflicted with the prairie fever, so I hunted up a doctor and explained the case. He felt my temperature and took my pulse and says: "Your pulse and temperature are both normal." Says I: "Why then am I afflicted with such an abnormal appetite?" The doctor says: "Your appetite is quite normal," and diagnosed the case as plain fever, and prescribed plain food in abundance.

I felt rather lonesome, so I sallied down to Sunny Sally's baker shop on Star Street, to have a chat with Sally and buy some buns. But when I arrived there Sally was already otherwise engaged with a Bunny Scotchman. My appetite took a header at once and my heart leaped into my neck. I felt like a stale bun, rather dry, so I took a soft drink and went out feeling rather uncomfortably soft.

I was feeling as lonesome as a rogue elephant and purple blue besides, after my experience, so I thought I would write a letter home and to Nell down in Arkansas. I took much interest in this one so I'll read it over:—

June. ———, 1907.

"Dearest Nell,—I arrived all right at the kapital of Saskatchewan quite early Saturday morning last. I have been feeling rather lonesome and thinking of you ever since. I would have written to you yesterday, being Sunday, but a circumstance occurred to me which put the writing question all out of the question. I will tell you all about the circumstance some time later. Suffice it to say that I came out of the difficulty holely and alive and not much the worse for it. So don't worry. Thus far I am very well satisfied with the kountry, only I have

such a tremendous appetite, the air is so dry and pure that if it wasn't for the breezes and wind one would think there wasn't any. The whole kountry is a treeless prairie. Quite a number of the inhabitants wear enameled maple leaves as tie pins and on their hats, but natural maple leaves are as scarce here as birds nests after a forest fire in Arkansaw.

"It seems as though all the girls have gone away to kollege or to the seashore, or somewhere else. There are about five hundred men to every member of the opposite sex, and those counterparts of my own sex who are here are nearly all chauffeurs to infant automobiles. Thus, it seems there will be little chance or opportunity for a chap like myself to become very deeply infatuated. There, now, you are entirely safe on that score.

"Please do not be offended at my expressions, I am only in fun. I know you are a good little girl, and will be true. As for myself, I would be true, even if opposite konditions were in vogue, I could never think of another. I dream of you and often think of you. Last night, under very peculiar circumstances and surroundings, I had a very pleasant dream. I need not say that it was of you. I will relate the dream, but the circumstance for the present must remain a secret.

#### A DREAM

A dream, dear love, I had of thee,  
A smiling image so dear to me,  
A springtime vision fair to see  
Came from out my vision's dreamy sea.  
Youth blossomed in thy face so fair,  
Two pearl pink lips were laughing there,  
The walnut brown lives in your hair.  
We were strolling on the silvery sands  
Of a white shore, a fairy land.  
With happy hearts and clinging hands

We viewed the green which skirted the sands.  
 And as we walked spellbound the while  
 By the soft beauty of the evening kyle,  
 We saw a nightingale through the moonlight fly  
 As aimless as we wandered mile and mile.  
 We sat to rest on a hilltop crest,  
 Where a weather-beaten stone was jest  
 Uncovered by tha mould;  
 True joy and happiness was our guest.  
 And love, just as the angels bear,  
 Shone in your face so pure and fair,  
 And while we kissed I could but dare  
 To mention love and caress your hair.  
 At heaven's gate we seemed it were,  
 Our bliss was pure without a care,  
 A joy that is oft in this world so rare  
 Was at our behest and of care was bare.  
 "Oh! would that I could always dream"  
 A dream that seemed as true as life could seem,  
 And where you my love were all the theme,  
 And after all I sometimes think it seems  
 That half our life is but a dream.

"Yours truly, till doomsday,

"BILLY JINKS.

Or as you fancy, O you kid.

"Gerina, Saskatchaswan, Kanaday, General Delivery."

My appetite was now again abnormally normal, but I  
 thought I would post the letter first before getting a meal.  
 So I started for the old post-office to get some stamps. I  
 declare there were so many people there all on the same  
 errand that I had to wait two hours to get two two-cent  
 stamps. To my right there was tacked on the wall and  
 staring me in the face a large placard which read, "NO  
 LOITERING," which annoyed me very much. I was afraid  
 I might be arrested for loitering. When I at last got the  
 stamps I had to stamp my feet to get the blood in circu-

lation. By this time I was desperately hungry. I could have outraged a baker wagon. Just as I was leaving the post-office I observed a sign which read "Pie law No. 1916." My mouth felt moist as I thought of all those pies. If I could have only had the sixteen I would have been happy. The pie law read further any lady in company of a dog must have him under proper control or otherwise secured at the end of a chain or rope." I wondered whether it meant their husband or their Scotch terrier or Irish setter. As I was going along the street in search of a restaurant I observed a lady leading a sniffy, snarling, sneezing pug dog at the end of a tiny brass chain thirty feet long. The dog must have taken offense at me, for he began to bark and nip at me furiously. The lady screamed, "You ugly pug, you racy kur!" I thought the lady meant the dog, but the dog evidently thought his mistress meant me, for he became more furious.

By this time I was so hungry I could have outraged a fish-shop or a cheese factory, but these barroom hotels are an outrage to society, so I thought I would hunt up a restaurant before I fainted. As I was going along the street I saw a sign tacked to a telephone post which read: "Pie Law No. 8888. Spitting on the sidewalk strictly prohibited." As I thought of all those pies my mouth became so moist I could not help but spit, so I ran up the street and soon staggered into a restaurant. They had a lady kook or rather a lady roaster. She could roast things to a frazzle, even the kustomer. I says to a stranger: "The northwest ladies, especially the girls, are all wonderful roasters. They are all very well educated, too and make advanced women." The fellow says: "Yes but you want to be kareful how you advance them, or they may show you a thing or two in advance. They may be roasters, but they'll never marry a fellow that kannot supply the roast. They wouldn't marry a machinist bekause he is always using



his hammer, nor a boltermake because he is a knocker; nor a tinner for he is out for the tin, nor a karpenter because he is out for the dust, nor a baker because he is fond of a loaf. A street kar konductor might give them a transfer and an auctioneer might knock things down. An undertaker is on the dead, an organ grinder might be kranky, a truck-driver is always loaded, a plumber hits the pipe, and they would not marry a shoemaker to save their sole." I asked: "Who then would they marry?" He says: "They'll only marry a well-to-do farmer because he has the wheat and kan raise the dough, or a banker because he has the dough and kan raise checks, or a real estate man because he handles lots of checks and can raise the chink. The fellow then told me that "he was the advance agent for the Advance Thresher Machine Kompany." We then advanced toward the door. As we were walking along and talking Advance threshers, there came trotting up the street a fine span of horses drawing a carriage with a beautiful new bride and groom fawning each other inside. The advance agent said: "That's Si Nipper and his young wife. They were just married this morning. He is putting up his brags that this is his thirteenth chance since three weeks ago, when his father died and left him three quarter sections of land. I sold him a thresher rig last week." Says I: "For the land's sake! They say 13 is an unlucky number, but I hope he won't thrash his wife." "Yes, we have all been figuring on taking a ride on the soft cushions some time or other, and be charmed and thrilled by the high speed momentum of the Interurban rapid transit koach of matrimonial bliss, but the bliss is oftentimes blasted. The koach often winds up with balky horses a brokan axle. Some of us, especially the bachelors in the Northwest and forlorn maids of the East, may fail to make connections with the matrimonial koach on schedule time, and thus 'get left.' But, young people, don't be disappointed if

we miss the fast travelling, rumbling, jumbling, matrimonial coach we will never miss the undertaker's wagon, which travels slow and steady and stops at every mile-post and station. It calls on us without a 'call' and winds up at the quiet graveyard without fail.

Just then I heard a young fellow ask a young lady whether she was going to take in the wedding at the Methodist Church on Tuesday next. She says:

"Oh, yes, we are all a-going to  
Even if we are not a-going;  
We are all a-figuring on going,  
And hope to get there.

Then smiled. Says the Advance Agent: "Those heavenly dreams of matrimonial bliss do not always materialise."

Many a big-hearted lobster or narrow-minded fool thinks when he marries he is getting an armful of genuine living animated loveliness, but he very soon finds out after the wedding day, that it is really artificial, and kould be rubbed off with toilet soap and a sponge, or taken off in slabs and scales, and pads and ribs of whalebone, springs, elastics and a lot of other springy, spongy and paddy kontraptions, all of which could be purchased at "Eaton's," Winnipeg, or any other department store for \$25.00 or less, that might be hung on a hook in the wall or packed in a suit-case

What dupes we masculine mortals be.  
Thinking we had the world's sweetest morsel,  
We were duped by whalebone, a skeleton corset,  
She paints and powders like a chimpanzee,  
We thought she was genuine as the Pyrenees.  
She curls and she frizzles her hair to a finish,

Uses dye stuffs and decoctions till it makes her look fiendish.

She carries her wardrobe dons up in a bustle,  
Then throws it at you when engaged in a scuffle.  
Her pads are a caution, her busts are of rubber,  
Those are the things with which she takes in the blubber.

In the evening I attended a woman's suffrage meeting. One of the ladies said: "My dear Ladies and sisters, these stupid men say they love us, they marry us, they call us their wives and sweethearts, they say we are their better halves, and yet they claim we are deficient in intelligence. They say to us: "You may have your foot upon the rocker of the universe, and your hand shall swing the pendulum of humanity. You may starch our shirt bosoms until they look like coffin-lids. You shall satisfy our appetites and cook victuals until the world crumbles with age but you cannot have the ballot, for that is the divine right of men only." Whiskers! Those baldheads think because they have done the courting they must also do the voting! (Nonsense). It takes as much gumption and intelligence to prepare a nice meal and economically keep house as it does to manipulate railroad stocks, shove a wheelbarrow or bolster up a hod. We object to being styled and treated as though we were rag dolls toys to be played with, or whittling sticks for their jacknives. Are we to be simply instruments to play to the tune of their manipulations without a protest. No, not any longer. But we shall have every opportunity that is by nature ours as members of society.

Another speaker said: "Dear sisters, these dissipating animals that call themselves MEN insist in tipping their hats to the ladies, and showing us their bald heads as if their superior numscull and bumpy intelligence was so very wonderful and picturesque to behold; but it's all a bald delusion. We respect genuine courtesy, but we

detest pretence for then they insist that because they do the courting they must also do the voting, but they often succeed in making a miserable mess of both and we ladies are obliged to come to the rescue. Some of those stupid men who think they are far superior to the women, and with more will power, really haven't got as much will power as a setting hen. They think with their pipestem if they think at all; come to conclusion by proxy and vote by force of habit. Perhaps all they know is how to pound sand and slacked lime together, play poker or hit the pipe, and never aspire to anything higher. I would like to ask any intelligent gentleman present how he would like to have such a thick head for a wife.

Another speaker said: "Some of these would-be philosophers say the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. I emphatically deny this assertion. Has not science proved that rocking an infant is injurious to its health and maturity and tends to make the child stupid? That is why the present day men are so stupid—they have been rocked and petted too much. Why should men alone have the divine right to vote and make laws to suit the trousered part of humanity only? I tell you there is no virtue and very little integrity in trousers and brain aptitudes and gray matter do not reside in whiskers. When our husbands get drunk, have we not got to take care of the jag? When they die or pass in their checks to the undertaker are we not obliged to take up the business of life in a practical way shift for ourselves and rear the family? It is not a question of would the world be better for women voters. Experience has taught that it would not be worse, therefore it remains only a question of justice, if we demand it. And we do demand it, as our fore-fathers did for themselves.

I thought that was masculine reasoning, even if it

was femine talk. As I was sitting well in front, I felt as though I wanted to go way back and sit down. As I was in the act of doing so, some feminine speaker on the platform remarked that "those mere men with dog faces ought to be fed with dog biscuit instead of pork chops. Perhaps they might be brought to their senses." I thought the speaker meant me, so I bolted at once.

But the speakers made quite a konvert of me. As I was walking along I met the old timer whom I had met and spoken to on Saturday before. He asked, "Well, what do you think of wimmens votes?" I saw you at the suffraget meeting." Says I: "By Gingo, I believe the trousers will have to meet the skirts half way yet."

Says the Old Timer: "If the wimen get the vote they will want to get in office as aldermen or lawyers and doctors in the fire department, and the police force. Says I, their presence at a fire would always insure a plentiful supply of men on the spot, in order to see the ladies, and if she were on the police force she could use her sharp tongue as a weapon, as for ladies being aldermen would be a monstrous physiological impossibility, inconsistent with gender analysous. Nevertheless women should make most excellent guardians of a city for it has been said that the kackling of geese once —saved Rome. Although I have often observed that the masculine or gander element of all goose species are generally inclined to be the first to make much ado about nothing. As for lawyers women should make excellent lawyers, for many of the most dull witted of them are kunning, bring about the most awful deceptions, without being monstrous liars, they would certainly be in line of practice having for the past ages been holding up the younger generation and sucking them lovingly to their mother breasts; thus they should by nature certainly understand how to (hold up) and catch the (suckers) of the older generation, which

by the way is a lawyer's easy way of making easy money. his sacred business policy is that your interest is his interest. Thus he establishes his own interests in a tangible form while he untangles yours. A lawyer often gets precisely what he wants, when some one else makes up his mind to be too exact and precise in wanting what he wants and when he wants it, especially when some one else disputes his right to want what he wants at all. Under such circumstances it might be good common business policy and convenient that the first person make up his mind that he really wasn't wanting what he wanted. The best thing he could do is to calm his nerves in a amiable endeavor to bring about the mental delusion or delusive imagination that he wanted a dose of Cod Liver Oil or an infusion of Catnip Tea instead. Perhaps if wimmen could vote government of heelers by boosters for grafters might turn out to be a government of the people by the people and for the people. Says the old timer, "The old fashioned wimmin are good enough for me" Says I, "The twenty century girl is good enough for me."

I strolled around till I came around opposite the town hall, the folly Bachelors' Ball was going on inside, a full dress affair without the dress. I went in and took a seat in the gallery and was enthralled with the gliding feminine loveliness and masculine swallow tails. What an array of goo-goo eyes! I was wishing I had the heart of a cow that I might have appreciated those dreamy cow eyes. Hooks and eyes, I mean. Oh, if it had not been for those swallowtails I should have imagined that I was in the garden of Eden, among the lilies, roses and Eves. I should have lost my head. How those swallowtails flitted among the silk trains! How those slender white arms embrace the swallowtails. And the swallowtails would press the fawny

creatures with the animated heaving breasts to their cold starched bosoms. I was wishing I could have stalked among those lovely gliding feminine lillies, lilacs and roses, and put the swallow tails to flight.

After looking on for some time and thinking what a lobster I was I tried an experiment. I poked my thumbs hard into my ears so that I could not hear one note of the music. How absurd, how ridiculous! The scene seemed to be at once transformed into a conglomeration of cocktails and jungle birds having a scrimmage. I imagined I could see the feathers flying, but they were only bouquets dropping off. Then it seemed as though the scene was again suddenly transformed into a scene of jungle life in the jungles of Africa, with the glowing electric lights as the starry firmament above. The trains with their appendages and the cocktails looked to be a congregation of the monkeys and the monkeys having their season's dance or pairing antics. I thought there could be no better living visible proof in favor of the established theory that the present day human race with its ramified complexity, beauty and proportion was gradually evolved through millions of years from a lower state of being, inasmuch as the workings and all indications of nature point in that direction by its present day performances and by its past history as handed down to us by unearthed fossils and as pictured in the rocks and strata of the earth, forming a book of nature with many written pages, God's work, his indelible word and law. I always think that God's creation and law of nature are just as sacred and divine as are the chapters which are printed on paper and bound between leather bindings, stamped thereon in gold letters "THE HOLY SCRIPTURES" in the face of the Creator's handiwork of divine law of nature and creation, I defy pope, priest or divinity to dispute it. And may I ask "Is not the evolving of man by gradual

evolution just as logical, reasonable, wonderful, beautiful and possible for nature or God to perform as it is to breathe into a clod of earth and out pop a full fledged man with whiskers looking for a mate. I do declare. I could not help but think that fashionable, abnormally prolonged dancers were merely an ancestral mockery and a somewhat refined way of fashionable dissipation. Therefore my feminine friend with the dreamy eyes and full flowing charms of Eden, avoid the serpent's charm, give the trousered brute a long range. Believe me those cat-eyed swallow tails in their impassionate moods and potentialities are deceitful, unscrupulous, selfish, penetrating and irresistible.

Look out for these middle aged gentlemen with romantic tendencies who pretend to be a friend of yours, don't let them trail on your skirts, make up your mind to loose him, chances are that he is a monstrous liar, the frustrated aim of his life is to make people believe that he is a bachelor. The heartless brute has the heart of a rhinoceros. He may not tell you that he has a wife with a baby in the east; brute! There, don't you be a brute, for you know the baby deserves some consideration, even if you would send the wife to hades. Some wives ought to be there, but the child should be protected. It may be the only deserving creature in the bunch, yourself included.

I wanted to leave Gerina the worst way, so I thought I'd take a trip to Saskatoon by way of the C. P. Q. north line. I declare it was the worst way I ever seen. Two I was reminded of President Roosevelt, for I was certainly initiated as a Rough Rider.

A fellow sitting next to me asked whether I had ever been to Prince Albert. I says, "No. I have not had any invitation, but I should very much like to see the prince, it would be something worth while writing home about."



The fellow asked where I lived. Says I, "I have jst b'lew in from Arkansaw a few days ago, have not been located yet. But I have been arrested once for trespassing. I asked whether he had ever seen the Rockies. He says no. But he had been to the Dirt Hills. He handed me a card which read, "S. S. Suris, Solicitor, Sedley, Sask., Kanada." I tried on a pocket map to find where Sedley, Sask., was located. I found Sedley, but not Sedley, Sask.

I asked whether he knew anything about the Saskatchewan Valley Land deal of which I had heard so much about." Says he: "No. it was so long and krooked he could not follow it." I asked, "Is that straight?" "No." says he, "that's on the square." "Then perhaps they will get the crooked thing squared up," says I. "I think," says he, "they ought to get some of those land crooks rounded up." I asked, "How many Dreadits Kanada had in her navy?" Says he, "Kanada has no navy, but she expects to donate half a dozen or so to England." Says I, "It's just possible there may come a time when she might regret donating navies. I have heard a number of Englishmen say they don't do things in the Old Kountry as they do them here. A lad never cares to let his stepmother play with his jack-knife, you know." The fellow asked, "What about England and the Tariff Reform?" Say - I, "Yes, they ought to go to farmin' and make more cheese and less powder." Commercial supremacy has shifted from the man behind the gun to the man behind the khemist pot; from the kannon's mouth to the lower end of a turbine shaft. He asked, "What about Germany?" Says I, "I don't know much, but I have heard they once licked the Roman Empire, helped to lick the French at Waterloo, and afterwards licked them by themselves." I asked him whether he thought Kanada would ever annex the United States. Says he: "Kanada doesn't care a Continental

about the United States, but they are worrying themselves blue over the North Pole."

I says: "They ought to leave the Eskimos have the North Pole for kindling wood," or a barber pole, but I believe that Kanada and the United States are coming closer together every year as a matter of business, common sense and mutual convenience. They are inseparable as the chain of Rocky Mountains stretching along the entire western coast of North America. These Yankee and Kanadian Farmers up and down these Western prairies have more in Kommon than they have with those salt water Dukes, Lords, Kounts and No-Kounts, etc., living some thirty-three thousand miles away. There is as much difference between a Kanuck and a Cockney as there is between a Dutchman and a South Sea Islander, an Irishman and a Hindoo, or a rough washboard and a smoothing flat iron; one will warp if not kept wet, and the other will rust if not kept dry; one rubs out the dirt and the other rubs in the starch; they are both useful in their way. A prairie Kanuck would starve in London and a web-footed Cockney thinks Kanada is next door Nemisis. While there is as little difference between a man from Buffalo the ungodly and another from Toronto the immaculate, or a lass from Winnipeg the atrocious and another from Minnesota the virtuous, as there is between half a dozen incandescent electric light bulbs, manufactured and polished in the same factory; there is no perceptible difference. They all have long necks and know how to use them, and some have the vacuum also. I cannot understand why the Kanucks don't insist on being styled Americans as well as the Yanks do. We all live on the same strenuous grand old American continent named after Amerigo Vesbucia, who landed on the Kaadian soil. Miss Kanada and Uncle Sam are linked together in more ways than one, by mountain ranges, rivers, valleys, railroads, tun-

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nels, bridges, wires language and common interests. Why make a lot of paraphernalia about imaginary things if there does exist an imaginary line somewhere between here and God's country? Well then we ought to get to work on our imaginations, rejuvenating them. An imaginary line that cannot be seen with a microscope isn't such a monster obstacle to straddle any way. A man might ride over it with a mule, or walk across without so much as stepping into a mud puddle or walking a gang plank. Four thousand miles of personal contact is pretty close for a young lady and an old bachelor in the same boat. They might take a notion to ride on the lake one of these fine evenings, and do a little professional spooning on the side by way of recoposity. See how he treats her with oranges and water melons: "Yes," says he, Uncle Sam is quite an old ass along these lines, and the Lady of the Snow is known to be very ambitious."

Breathes there a maiden well matured and fed,  
 With passion's soul so destitute and dead,  
 That she never to a mother's love and kin has said,  
 "Give me my own home, and lover's name instead?"

I looked out of the window and saw some prairie chickens. I observed: "If a fellow had a gun there would be some great shooting here." He said, "Yes, but you want to be careful or else you'll get shot if you hang about the hotels. They shoot schooners with mugs."

When I went to Saskaroon I expected to see a score of Trans-Atlantic liners anchored at the wharves. I had thought that Saskaroon was located at the head of the tide water, with a large and increasing maritime commerce, but when I was told that the great Saskaroon river still flowed for hundreds of miles through prairie and forest before it entered into Hudson Bay I was astonished beyond expression. As I looked across the broad sandy river, I thought, "What a glorious kountry? It is a

wonder that the Saskaroonians don't turn the Hudson Bay into a summer resort and cover its broad expanse of placid waters, and line its sandy pine-fringed and rocky shores with gondolas and werries and they cover the ice in winter time with skates. On my return to Gerina I stopped at a small place between Saskaroon and Bumsden. The place was so small I can't remember the name long, but it had a hotel. I wanted to look at some land. I had seen so much, I thought I would stop and take a look at some. I put up one night at the hotel. The rooms were so small they couldn't keep anybody long.

A man and wife with a baby came in and wanted to put up in a single room, but they put them down in a double bed. They said they couldn't keep any babies unless they were paid for double. There was no profit in babies unless they used the bottle. Another woman came in dressed in black and wearing crape on her hat, bearing a bundle in her arm. She asked the landlord for a room and bed for the night, also whether she could get some pure unadulterated milk for her baby, at the same time producing a baby bottle to be filled. The landlord looked at her in disgust and said: "My dear madam, baby bottles and pure milk are foreign to this establishment, the combination is not in vogue, we couldn't stand for its introduction, it is out of the question, against our business principles, but my dear, if you and your husband, for we infer from that bundle in your arms, which doesn't look at all like yourself, but resembles something between a hairless monkey and a ast-rapath Ape. That you have a husband or once had a husband and that you and your husband have lived together as man and wife should live together, if ever your husband or your husband's son should want a bottle of something stronger than milk we can gladly supply them with that commodity, that's our business, so see that you raise your son properly. If you see to that he will in time

become a valuable asset to the Hotel interests. One of the borders kicked because of the noise in the bar room, but the landlord said if he would use less water he would be all right.

Be there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
I'll get drunk before I go to bed,  
Then get up in the morning with an aching head.

The landlord was a Jew. His name was Adam Swindler. He was A-Dam Swindler sure enough. When I settled up they threw me down and gave me short change. After the train left Bumsden the train moved in such camel like fashion that I was reminded of riding in a mule cart in Arkansas over a cypress slab corduroy road. and when she struck a down grade it was fierce. One was reminded of an eight months' old youngster taking a tumble down a cellar steps; my side ached.

An Irishman remarked: "It seems as though the track needs greasing with Tommy Young's excellent soft soap to take out the wrinkles. They say it's fine for wrinkles. A Yankee said, "This reminds me of the campaign in Cuba, when we were being initiated as rough riders. It's nothing like keeping up your reputation you know." He took a bottle of Old Scotch from his pocket and said, "Here's a daddy who licked mammy, and then Sammy ran away." (George Washington). Then he took a swig, "and here is to the most considerate and kindest step-mothers there ever was," (Old England), then took another swig, "and here is to her most lovable and admirable step-daughter" (the Lady of the Snows), then took another swig and then passed the bottle to the Irishman. The Yankee began to brag of the fast trains in the States. He said that the St. Louis Limited makes such fast time that to a passenger riding thereon the telegraph poles look like teeth in a

fine tooth-comb. I knew better than that, but did not say a word, for he had just partaken of the bottle, and must have seen double. An Englishman said the North Western, running from London to Glasgow, travels so fast that it passes a crossing before a wayfarer hears the whistle. A Scotchman winked his little left eye and said, "And on moonlight night it leaves its shadow behind for miles in the rear. Smoke up!" An Irishman said he guessed it was the smoke, but without joking and without a trace of smoke, the fast trains of Ireland are such speeders that they only hit the high places lightly. The passengers have to gasp to catch their breath." A Canadian said: "The Lord made things to creep and crawl but when you ride on the P.C.R. it is all one can do to hold his tongue." I thought this must be a slow train through Saskatchewan. I was wishing someone would write a cheap book on it, and wondered if the Canadian would stand for it. If so, it would be proof conclusive that they are fast becoming Americanized, and judging from their newspaper headlines, and the way they patronize the peanut stands, and then blow up the kountry, and boost their respective home towns, it would seem as though they had learned a few Yankee tricks already.

When I got to Regina I bought a paper; it was full of campaign news. I read: "Look out for mud. We expect a sand storm and a landslide in Regina this fall, that will try the nerve of a Texas steer or a western bronco."

Thomas Young Soap Company manufacture a very good washing powder which makes excellent soft soap. The Legislature is soft soaping us free of charge. The American people like to be humbugged but the Saskatchewanians insist on being soft soaped."

Next day I took a trip into the kountry. I walked all day without seeing a tree stump or a rail fence or a dog wood tree. Toward evening I stopped at a farmhouse and asked the lady whether she would give me a cold

"snack." She said they didn't have such a thing. I asked her whether she could give me a warm meal. She said it was too much trouble to get a meal for one. Says I: "I could eat enough for two and still be hungry." She says: "You must be a Yankee from the other side." Says I: "Well, I'm from Arkansas." She says: "My stars, you rebel, if you don't get out of here immediately I'll faint." I felt rebellious. I went directly to six other places. They all said it was too much trouble to keep travellers. At the next place I rattled a few quarters in my trousers pockets. The clink of coin had a wonderful sedative effect upon the feminine mind. I asked if I could stay all night. The lady said they didn't generally bother with travellers, it was so much trouble, but, under the circumstances, it was none. There were three young ladies keeping company with the piano and sarcastically pounding ivory to pieces. I was wondering whether they could properly beat an egg without making a mess of it. Their mother was peeling turnips in the kitchen, but kept an eye on me. I saw a half-barrel of apples in the corner. I took several and began to eat ravenously. The lady looked at me with both eyes as if she was going to eat me, but I kept on eating. I asked what kind of apples they were. She says those apples cost \$7.00 a barrel. I looked at her as though I had a dozen eyes and began to eat seed, core and all, and says, "In Arkansas apples are so plentiful and cheap they sometimes feed them to the pigs, and the pigs often very fastidious as to what kind of apples they eat." She said: "I guess the pigs are not as big hogs as the Yankees are." I winced and said that I had actually during apple season, often seen one of my father's razor-backs go up to a big red juicy apple, bury its tusks into it, then leave it because it had not just the right flavor. She then asked: "Do pigs really eat apples?" I says: "I guess they don't eat many in this country." But

the way I ate those \$7.00 apples she must have thought I was a pig. She says: "I have heard of American hogs and Yankee pigs."

The supper got cold while we were waiting for the old gent to arrive from town. When the hired man came in the old lady gave him a kold look but the old gent made it hot for me that evening. As we sat down to the supper table the old gent passed the blessing, "Lord bless this meat." I thought, "Lord, if thou canst ble a what thou hast damned, bless this pig," but if there wasn't more forthcoming there would be blessed little pork, and I was desperately hungry. I began to eat ravenously. The old lady asked what kind of table manners they have in Arkansaw. Says I: "The kommon kountry people help themselves and chew the opossum, while the well-to-do town people allow themselves to be helped and 'chew the rag. I was putting away kold salaratus biscuits at the rate of four a minute or 240 per hour, and gulping down green tea as though my throat was the Niagara Falls. The old lady was busy filling my cup with tea and filling the teapot with hot water. She asked me whether I liked music, as the piano was still playing. I says: "I like ple-an-no music."

I noticed they had store butter and store pickles, store pork, store tomatoes, I even suspected store potatoes when the old lady said: "Pa, you will have to buy some more taties in the mornin'." I says: "Why, don't you raise your potatoes?" She says: "It's too much trouble." Says I: "It seems to be too much trouble to raise anything. In Kanada they grow wheat and oats, make hay, everything just seems to grow of its own accord. What does not? They do not take the trouble to try to raise, they don't even raise calves, or pigs, or your barns. A man goes into the cattle business or swine breeding business, and they build or just put up their barns instead of raising them as they do in Arkansaw.



I wonder whether they raise their children, or do they just grow too?" The old lady said: "In the fall we have to raise money to raise the notes on the 'machinery.'" The old gent didn't say a word. I thought he was mad, or that perhaps these Kanadians save their brightest thoughts, which are too precious for ordinary conversation, for more conventional and opportune times. But he finally started and said: "You are from Arkansaw, I hear." I says: "Originally, yes." Says he: "What a terrible country that must be. I would not live there if they would give me the whole state as a present." It certainly was on account of its wickedness that San Francisco was destroyed by an earthquake. He would not be surprised to hear that Seattle was destroyed by a landslide, Pittsburg go up in smoke. Duluth washed away by the lake, Buffalo go down the falls, Los Angeles float away on the Pacific, the Twin Cities destroyed by pestilence, Butte City by a landslide, Milwaukee by the liquor curse, Chicago sink in the mire, Boston slide into the bay, St. Louis float away on the Mississippi, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington destroyed by fire, New York go through Hell Gate, Pike's Peak fall on top of Denver, New Orleans be engulfed by the Gulf, Detroit and Cleveland slip into the lake." It is a wonder the people don't all die of the plague. They shoot you down then ask you your business afterward. They don't think any more of the marriage vows than they do of a bronco, nor as much. Why, four-fifths of the people must be divorced." I says: "There are less than that there were ever married. I lived in Arkansaw twenty-five years and only heard of 10 divorces in the neighborhood, but by those 10 divorces there were 20 people divorced, and with happy results in each case." The old lady says: "But marriages are made in heaven." Says I: "That may be. But I dare say that most engagements are consummated within the

realms of papa's parlor while the two culprits are nestled snugly together upon mama's soft-cushioned lounge, enraptured with an impassioned bliss and blind to a true sense of responsibilities, with the light turned down so low that it does not even reflect a glimmer upon the ceiling." The old lady blushed, but the old gent says: "It makes no difference. What God has united no man shall sever." Says I: Yes, in some states, what God has put together the devil may sometimes part. But in Kanada what Mrs. Grundy and the devil see fit to join in wedlock God nor justice cannot sever.

The old gent with an angry look remarked rather angrily "None of your Yankee blackguarding; I won't have it in my house. I sized the old timer up as having been a Scotchman, and concluded that I was getting too near to his religion, so I changed the subject and says: "Kanada is a glorious kountry. The granary of the western hemisphere, and the bread basket of the world." Yes, says he, "but the railroads and the political grafters have got hold of 'the handle and gained control of the basket, while we poor farmers are the hot rolls and muffins from which they grow fat, and thrive. It is a big steal all through, from one end of the Dominion to the other, and we farmers are the fry. A man would be arrested for picking up a dry crooket 2 x 4 sixteen feet long, but if he had ~~stolen sixteen~~ million feet of straight green timber he would have been sent to parliament, and those railroad robbers are outrageously scandalous." and what little they don't get the elevators do. swallow him up, mustard seed and all, and if the farmer happens to have a dollar left, the machine men manage to squeeze it out of him by selling him old rusty worn out machinery, then charging three prices for repairs. It's a hold up game. The farmers are skinned right to the nail." "Done by maculinery" says I. The farmer continued and said,

Yes, even the government is run by machinery, and that is not all there is the insurance men, the hired help and the taxes. Wages and taxes are getting higher every year. A farmer has a hard time to keep all those pocket goffers fatened up (squinting at the hired man) he says, "Well, John, I guess its bed-time. Harness the drivers in the morning," then strolled out of the room.

The hired man escorted me to the worst granary on the place. I asked him what nationality the old gent was, he says: "He's an old khrazy tight-fisted old timer of a Scotchman. He drives to town every day; goes to church on Sunday and kurses the hired man all week. He's everlastingly grouching about not making anything, and being skinned. Still he is a klose fisted skinner himself. I would like to be able to pull the hide off him. I would do some klose skinning. He started with nothing, now he is worth one hundred thousand dollars, seven sections of land, a fourtæn roomed house, twenty\_eight granaries, fifty\_six horses, and threshed one hundred and twelve thousand bushels of grain." Says I, "That's doubling up pretty fast," and asked, "What do the girls do?" Says he, "Looking for a man in seven sections." I suggested that if it wasn't so much trouble to do up the hired man's bed occasionally, they might have a man in the whole, instead of in sections looking for them.

Concelt is as natural to the Kanuk as the North Pole is to the artic circle. They believe without the least possible doubt that they are the modern Romans of the modern world conflicts and conquests are not necessary, excepting with flying ants and blizzards, they have turned their battle axes into disc plows and their swords into spring teeth harrows. Box ars and prairie schooners are of more interest to them than battle ships. I agree that wheat fields are more pro-

fitable than navy yards, but as a sort of sentimental diversion they intend to donate a navy or two as a sort of indigestible Xmas pudding to England to show their devotion. I wonder if they expect a slice. Xmas puddings improve with age you know. They not only intend to meet the civic and necessary wants of society exclusively, but it is their boast and ambition to assimilate two thirds of Europe and depopulate the United States in the next three years but me thinks if they are not more thrifty in their assimilations and discrete in their dissimiliations they themselves will be assimilated by the Romans, it will be a big R instead of K, little Russia or big Romania with outlandish conditions. Where booze intoxication and thieving is a habit and religious fanaticism, poverty, ignorance and rebellion a natural condition, instead of Kanada being in the fore front of a progressive civilization. From kommon observation it would seem as these outlanders already have the balance of political and civic power in their grip and that they intend to materialize a new Russian Buerostacy with themselves as the upper crust.

John says Kanada is spelled with a kapital C instead of a K. Says I: "By Jingo, I will invest in a pocket dictionary at the first opportunity."

Next day I wound up at a prairie town called "Grain Cowlay." I invested in a pocket dictionary the first thing. The girls in the neighborhood were called "Cowlay" girls notwithstanding that they have no visible horns. The town itself, was a sun baked, sun blistered burg, seven miles down to water. They say during the spring rains the water rises seven feet in the low places, and in winter the e are snow drifts seventeen feet high in all directions.

On the day I struck the town it was so hot I felt as if all the thermometers in the neighborhood were boiling

over, and the air was as dry as bleached gunpowder, or a "kerchief at a millionaire's funeral." It gets pretty hot in Arkansaw some times, but Saskathasan has Arkansaw beat in more ways than one. Talk about the heat of Texas but Texas cannot be compared in no way with Saskatcheasan. The air was hot enough to explode a steam boiler and dry enough to go off in spontaneous combustion. It would have set off a blasting powder charge without a fuse. They say the winters get pretty cold, but the air is so intensely dry that it is impossible to detect the cold, unless the wind blows from one direction awhile, and then from another; sort of picking out the exposed places. I should think that during the winter months, mother-in-laws would be very much in demand in order to keep the place sort of warmed up, and thawed out a bit, but by jingo, I don't see how anybody could stand the smoke in July and August.

As I was sitting in the shade on the North side of one of the rusty elevators, that looked like so many spinks in the desert or like old abandoned Spanish forts without the peep holes, I began to sing, "In the shade of the old Apple tree," thought of home, and imagined I heard the bees humming, but it must have been the rust of the sheet iron sheeted elevators cracking and expanding in the heat. There were no apple trees for a thousand miles around. I thought that with all that wide expanse of prairie dotted with homes, before me "what a fine romantic place to get a poetic inspiration" so I gets out my Mental note notebook and gets down the following hot air doggeral—

The pioneers have swept over the broad wild plains,

The heroes have conquered in peace the domains.

But not without mists enshrouding their hopes,

As against droughts and hail storms, against nature  
they coped.

Yet today a desert is turned into homes,  
And the brand will waste land to fertility enthroned.  
Determined in spirit and mighty resolve,  
They clung to their purpose till a home was evolved.  
It came like a dream in the dawning of love,  
As the sun rose higher to the zenith above.  
All people awake thee to thoughts of devotion,  
As the grain bows to breezes like the waves of an  
ocean.

As I don't pretend to be a poet, and I am sure I am of  
no relationship to a poet, I'll stop writing wishle washle  
light-minded poetry for now. As I took another look  
across the wide prairie I observed a very quiet grave  
yard, not so very far in the distance. I thought if I  
could only drink the wine of life to the dregs and at  
last fall to pieces somewhere upon these wide plains,  
they would bury my mortal remains in some quiet, lonely  
graveyard out on the prairie beneath sun and rain beat-  
en sod in the summer and a wind swept expanse of snow  
in the winter, where a grinning skeleton could forever  
rest as comfortably and as undisturbed as a mummified  
body in an Egyptian pyramid, or Westminster Abbey.  
Just then the hot sun began to creep around the corner.  
I thought in Kanada even old "Saul" is treacherous,  
creeping around the corner to the north side in the mid-  
dle of the afternoon, and giving the rusty old elevator  
a scorching all round. Towards evening I thought I  
would take a stroll around the town and see the sights.  
The most interesting feature was the lumber yard, where  
they charged full prices and measured out under dimen-  
sions as carefully as they do quinine in an apothecary  
shop or grocery store in Arkansaw.

The school house was built half a mile out, and a livery stable in the middle of the town. The railroad came across the prairie right alongside the elevators, as the salmon fishes come all the way across the Pacific ocean right to the canneries on Puget Sound. That night I stayed to a party. I wanted to get acquainted with the blue-eyed blondes or Cowlay girls, but I very nearly came losing my temper and calling them the durned blondes or the mulely girls before the party was over. They were as unapproachable as a Missouri mule and as independent as the Fourth of July. It seemed as though their hearts were made of vulcanized india-rubber which might have made good phonographic record material without revulcanization. They must have entertained the idea that their nature, their dispositions and their conversation were too precious for exploitation. They acted very frized. I felt like a chilled lobster in cold storage. If the school mistress could have seen me then, she would have presented me with a foot warmer. They gave me the goby as if I was a striped barber pole or a cigarette stand. I didn't stand in with them at all. I imagined it all happened for the reason that they didn't scent any stink weed, or yellow mustard seed about me. I wasn't done up in sections. You know these western girls marry for titles. Clear titles for sections. If the girls would not have kept up such a pessimistic look about them all evening their gathering would have been a typical North West land seekers party.

The young ladies of Arkansaw do not marry for money nor for sections. If they did then Arkansaw would be like heaven, for the ladies could not marry nor be given to marriage. I never knew a young man in Arkansaw to own a quarter section of land without it being half rock or two thirds swamp, and a young man with any money to speak of would be suspected of grand larcency. But there was one girl present at the party that capped the

climax. I am willing to bet a full sized doughnut to a package of peanut shells that she was from Ontario not more than twenty-one days. She was as unlike the other girls in disposition as an orange is to a snowball, or a ripe, juicy watermelon to a green pumpkin. She was a tall, graceful, lovable, blue eyed blonde. Her hair was a deep rich brown, tinged and shot through with living gold and sunbeams. Her eyes shone and sparkled with a dreamy loveliness, as stars shine through a sultry sky, yet devoid of mists and encircling clouds. I got my heart strings tangled up the minute I saw her. I died of love and never dreamed that I was dead. I lost my mental equilibrium and could not regain my poise. If the school mistress could have seen me then she would have administered a dose of quinine or headache capsules, but when I told the blonde in question, that I had never seen such a lovely girl north or south of the Mason and Dixon line and that she was just the apple, peach, plum-pudding pie of my eye; that I would go through an Arkansaw forest fire or a Dakota blizzard for her (even though I had not yet seen a blizzard) the blue eyed blonde smiled and said, "Thank you very much for your undeserved compliments, and showed me a ring on the third finger of the left hand. If the school mistress could have seen me then she would have administered a sponge saturated with camphor close to my nostrils for smelling purposes.

My Lady of the Snows, her art  
 They me in countless bumpers toasted,  
 Oh let thy pity baste my heart  
 Thy charms, they me have roasted.  
 Oh, fair Selophia of the poets shul  
 And Queen of gentle pashlons,  
 Has't made my heart fool hearty bold  
 With her gentle dreamy lashes.  
 Pour out the wine you generous hoste,  
 I pledge me to a manly toast.  
 To those who love us, fill the first,  
 For those we love may have us cursed.

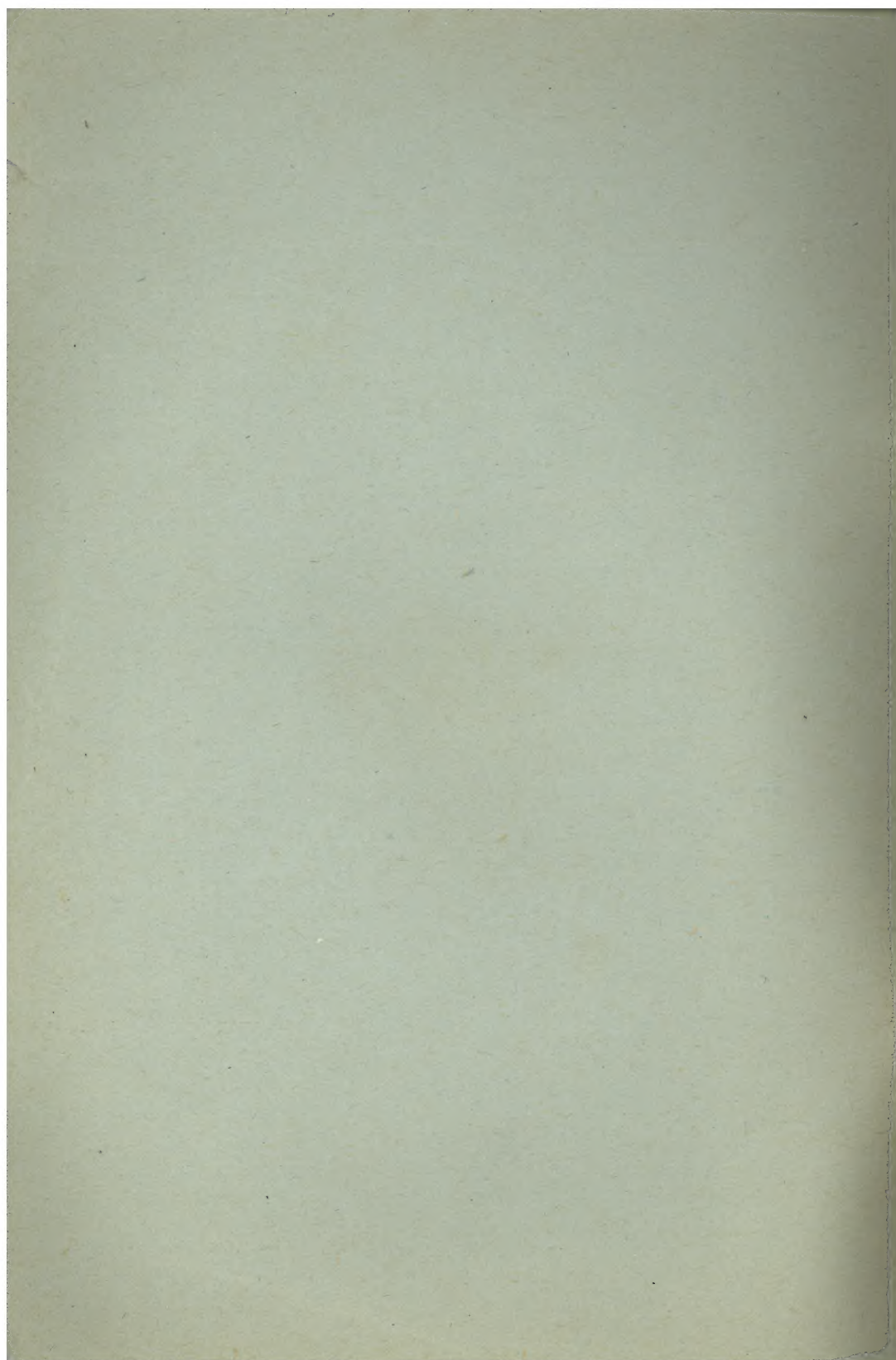


I am a little hot just now, and so I am going to blow off a little steam and tell you what I think of the North West girls. In the first place, there are two kinds of blondes among the lady world. There are blondes who are such simply by a deficiency of coloring matter, negative washed, bleached or stucco blondes, rendered thus artificially, or by nature, because of a deficiency of regenerative force. The orange or olive style blondes carry with them large, beautiful dreamy and expressive eyes and have a cheerful and sympathetic disposition, while the other kind, stucco or whisky, blondes have a blue flame in their eyes which the southern brunette can hardly match with her penetrating and piercing glances. What a passion comes over us sometimes as we think of the olive kind. Love flies as sparks from a smithy's forge, unconscious, we are forging thus a weld. But the North West girls in general remind me of the rabbits in Australia which during the seven years drought acquired claws that they could climb trees in order to obtain food. I do not claim that the North West girls have claws but they are fast runners and high climbers. They are like all other creatures, subject to laws of evolution and have acquired traits and characteristics peculiar to a strenuous, independent and favorable environment. They are high speeders, and high kickers. When they decide on making a running leap in the dark on the high road to matrimony, they generally manage to fall on soft beds of long greens, which sometimes turns out to be a bed of thistles. There is as much difference in the North West girls as between the hundreds of stuffed ducks, mounted butterflies and moths, pickled frogs, and snakes that might be seen at the Gerina museum.

Well, I feel a great deal better after blowing off all this condensed ill temper. You must excuse me, ladies, my talks are like your breakfast porridges, sometimes overdone.

I have toiled for years doing without ordinary luxuries and many comforts in order to accumulate sufficient for a comfortable home, only to be swindled out of the wherewith of self respect and the savings of my hard earned earnings, by a double-breasted rogue of the Northwest, who not only deserted and deceived a starving wife and family in the East, but ran away with another man's wife, and in turn deserted her while in the West, whose judgment and acquaintance of French wines with its semi-blemished essentials together with other relative affinities, cigars, race horses, chorus girls, stage angels, vaudeville and classic opera was indeed classical. He might have set the pace from a running board jump from Pittsburg, Alegany, to the penitentiary or in taking advantage of the chambermaid, beat the wash woman, dodge the tax cab, pilot the authorities and the creditors and still remain within the law. And the foll rogue called it higher education. Undoubtedly he thought himself superior to the ordinary sawlog, and with a license to grand larceny and embezzlement, whose refined gray matter seemed to run into wimen, whine, whisky, forgery and the d——. But I am pretty badly bent financially just now and am trying to meet my obligations on the square. I hope the price asked for these pages will not break any one in this country where they send people to jail for being broke, and to parliament for being crooked. If slow train through Saskatchewan ever reaches its destination it will wind up in a message from purgatory.

By the Original B. J., sometimes known as Krip.



There are four of us all in one besides  
the original B.J.

We are  
BAD EYE, KRIP, LOBSTERINE  
and "OH, YOU KID."

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Are we down-hearted ?

NO-O-O-O-O !

Are we grouchy ? Not a bit of it !

Are we knockers ? I don't think !

Are we hard hitters ? Every time !

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By the original B.J., known to  
the Wild Cats as Bad Eye.